

THE OMEN

“Ah, The Illustrious Omen”

- The Illustrious Teal Van Dyck

“... contribut[ing] to paper waste on this campus”
- an environmentally conscious student

“i love the omen so much it’ s so goddamn funny like
we really did that huh”

- a student who may or may not co-edit The Omen

“... a cockroach that always survives.”
~ a venerable academic dean

“THE OMEN SOUNDS COOL”

- AN ENLIGHTENED NON-HAMPSHIRE STUDENT

Confession: *

the omen is cringe tbh

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Nicholas: Abstinence (Sex)

Peter: League of Legends

Ida: Shitposting

Juliana: Watching drama

Jess: Collecting new forms of disappointment

Leo: sleeping in past 2 pm

Front Cover: Omen Staff

Back Cover: Jay Poggi and Leo Zhang

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

Policy

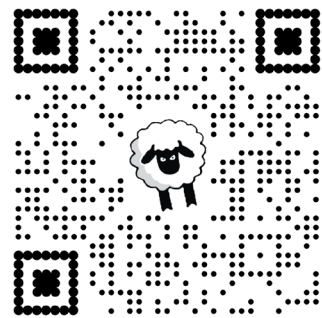
The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

EDITORIAL TRASH SEX RING

by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

I woke up at 4:30 P.M. today. Why, you ask? Because I am sick.



I mean, I am sick, like physically ill, but also I'm very mentally ill so I woke up at 6 A.M. to watch a three-and-a-half minute commercial in a language I do not know. Why, you ask? Because Eve did the background song for it. And then I stayed awake so I could catch the Dining Commons Breakfast hours. And then I went back to sleep at

9:30 A.M. and stayed the fuck asleep for another seven hours and it was the best and worst nap I have ever had in my life.

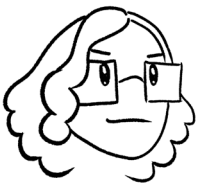


I woke up at 9:00 A.M. today. Why, you ask? Because I am in therapy. An alarm labeled with my therapist's honorific-less last name wailed out a garbled rendition of the Luigi's Mansion theme. I opened my eyes, snatched my phone, and when I silenced the silly song, I beheld, my eyes wide with horror, a message sent from my dearest co-editor at 7:45 AM. What the fuck, Leo? I thought. Who did this to you?? I posed this question to them, though I didn't need to. The answer could've only been Eve.



"The answer could've only been Eve," he says, as if he didn't need to ask me why I was awake and I didn't need to say "because of Eve" and he didn't go "Ohhhhh." At this point, any of my good friends will know that I will actively destroy my health for a man who does not know me and just makes good songs. I did consider sleeping through the commercial in a language I don't know but I decided not to, because I hate myself. It was double the bad decision this time because I've been actually sick with a cold or something for the entire week and my body has been pleading with me to take a rest and every single time, I've said NO and gone to sleep after 2 A.M. again.

So I guess it's not that I will actively destroy my health for Eve, I think I just do that.



Take it from me, they do do that. While Leo's just died corpse lay unmoving in their dank Dakin cell for the better part of the day, another corpse rose to life on a screen in my room to begin a dodge rollin', dude smackin', horse double jumpin' journey; that corpse's name was Rinkus Twinkus, and he is my pointy son. Rinkus's life began as most do in the world of Elden Ring: he fell down a hole full of imps, and got killed ten times by a funny cat with a sword. He died so many times that he became something of an expert on the subject, and he used that expertise to (eventually) give the beast a taste of its own janky medicine.



I didn't really get sick all that often when I was a kid. I do remember one time, when I was in grade school, I woke up and didn't want to go to school so I told my mom I was sick and she took me to the doctor and it turned out I had strep throat. But that was kind of an anomaly. I didn't get sick at all in the few years I was attending online school, so when I got very ill in fall semester from who knows what, I was surprised. Like, that doesn't just happen to people, right? (<— clueless)

And now I'm sick again. I think it's stress, I really do, because I get stressed about things so often and so easily. That, plus generally not taking good care of myself, equals probably disaster. I know that. Am I going to do anything about it? Probably not.



The first hour or so of Elden Ring feels more or less the same as any of From Software's other hateful masterpieces, but right at the start of the second hour, the designers bonk you upside the noodle with a horse. I need everyone to know how much I love the horse. It controls like a shark in grape jelly (good). It can jump. Twice. It has a weird, creepycute face and horns. Best of all, you can feed it berries. I love it.



Also, we forgot to mention throughout the entire rest of this piece, but the winner of the Omen's Valentine's Day Erotica Contest has been chosen! This is not related in any way, shape, or form to my sickness or to Elden Ring, but it needs to be said.



It's Isaiah. Congratulations, Fuck Monarch! You know where to contact us to arrange your coronation ceremony (us handing you a \$30 gift card for a local sex shop of your choice [which will soon be rebranded as The HampStore: Sex Edition]). May your days be happy and horny! 🐑

SECTION SPEAK

Hampshire Stickball

Robert, Helena, Arlo, Yarrow, and Lars

In Fall 2021, Visiting Assistant Professor Robert Caldwell together with students, staff, faculty, and community members came together to practice and play Kapucha Toli. Kapucha Toli is one name for Choctaw Stickball, or more specifically the Chahta name for the Southeastern two-stick variant of Native stickball. The practice began in September and culminated with an afternoon game on the library lawn October 20, as part of the Fall 2021 Engage! Conference.

Southeastern style stickball (double stick variant) is one of three related types of indigenous stickball played in Native North America. This variant, played by Choctaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek, Seminole, Yuchi uses a stick in each hand. A soft 3" deerskin ball is retrieved and cupped between them. This game has a common ancestor with the singles stick games of Baggataway (once played by Ojibwe, Menominee, Potawatomi, Sauk, Fox, Miami, Winnebago, Santee Dakota and others), wooden stick Northeastern Lacrosse (played amongst Six Nations and tribes in Northeast), and the subsequent popular game of Lacrosse.



Kapucha Toli is relatively straightforward. One only needs Kapucha (sticks), Towa (ball) and Fabvssa (goal post). The game is very fast moving with few rules: do not pick up the ball with your hands; do not hit other players' bodies with the sticks, and you can only tackle the person in possession of the ball. There are no out of bounds, no time outs, fouls, and no first downs. There is no penalty box. The action is more-or-less continuous, and the teams are as big or small as need be to accommodate everyone that wants to play.

The game--across tribes and cultures-- is known as both an alternative dispute resolution and as training for war. In addition to peacekeeping, the game was once closely associated with both public and private rituals such as a community-wide ball dance and players' help from the holy ones' medicine. Players often wore ceremonial regalia and shouted sacred phrases to intimidate opponents. Even today, stickball is still associated with ceremony and holds spiritual significance to those who play it.

Why would non-Native students play this game? "It's aggressive. It lets us get our emotions out!" At the same time, the game is friendly and welcoming. Although the game can be very physical, it allows for participation of people of varying abilities and skill levels.

The game promotes connection to each other, the land, and oneself. Traditionally played barefoot, the game demands connection to the earth. It also offers a single venue where students, faculty, staff, and community members can come together. Connecting academic relationships to play is important to those of us who participate.

Stickball is also a way to connect to a forgotten history of sport, and to participate in a growing experience.... Connecting an ancient Native sport to a new context. "It is liberating to play a game on your college campus in a way that breaks down hierarchy, moving your body...as I white person I'm critical of cultural appropriation. This game allows for cultural appreciation through indigenous practice" As an alternate living practice, it runs counter to dominant history of pain, oppression, and subjugation. It is so playful, connecting to others, self and land. It is joyful in that sense.



One student with experience playing formal team sports says “Of all the sports I’ve played, Stickball made sense. It was physical activity, exercise, but it also was fun, constructive, and a ‘me’ sport” The game promotes connection with body and connection with the land in a way that academic settings does not. The player becomes present in their body: running and standing, not sitting and slouching. Moving our bodies like others have moved their bodies on these lands for millennia. It offers a chance to learn through movement, hand-eye coordination, presence, focus, and most of all, play. One student commented “In this game, moving our bodies was our learning... it fulfills something missing from classroom learning.”

One neurodivergent perspective: “It hurts my hand to write small letters, but when I draw, I can draw just fine. In sports I usually suffer from sensory issues, but when I was introduced to Kapucha Toli and given the role as a goalie, I had one job to focus on. It clicked. I was able to open my perspective as to what to do in the game.... We ended up winning the game by one point. I felt like I could participate. We can drop the sticks and tackle someone!” Our brain is a muscle. Why wouldn’t we learn from our other muscles? Muscle memory. We can learn by physical action, turning our actions into memories.

A student cited Michel Foucault who wrote in the *Ethics of the Concern for Self as a Practice of Freedom*, that taking care of oneself is the foundation of collective freedom. “to run and play in connection with others is a way to subvert the ways of being [stagnant and complacent] in college spaces. It is also a way to care for our bodies and to relieve chronic stress that congeals in our tissues. Stickball among other group physical activities allows me to be more present in my body, in my interactions with others; It sharpens and softens me into a tool for liberation. Stickball also deepens my connection to this stretch of Earth. I engage concurrently with the successions of Native communities, settlers, violence and grief, joys and loving communion, which are very much alive in the land. I can process through my body what my mind cannot.”

Stickball allows for breaking down hierarchies, team building and collaborative exercise where students play alongside professors, staff and community members. It is a practice of using our bodies to have fun. Stickball is new to Hampshire and the Five Colleges. Its future remains unknown.

As “the little brother of war,” stickball also has a broader web of implications. As Smedley Butler pointed out a century ago, war is a racket. But even prior to capitalism, war was always wasteful. It simultaneously misdirects the productive capacity of one party, while destroying the infrastructure of the other. The U.S. Military is the single largest emitter of greenhouse gases in the United States and creates more CO₂ emissions than many industrialized countries. The global ruling classes won’t be persuaded to adopt stickball to resolve their disputes, but the game has a lot to teach the rest of us. Stickball offers an alternative model in our overall struggle to build a different world where we strive for reciprocity, collectivity, justice, and right relations with each other and all of the earth’s beings.

To find out more about this game at Hampshire, visit

tinyurl.com/hampshirestickball

Selected Readings:

Culin, Stewart. “Games of the North American Indians.” In *Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1902-1903, pp. 1-840. Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1907.

Fogelson, Raymond. “The Cherokee Ball Game: A Study in Southeastern Ethnology.” Ph.D. dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 1962.

Vennum, Thomas Jr. *American Indian Lacrosse: Little Brother of War*. Washington, DC and London: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1994.



tinyurl.com/hampshirestickball



~ Erdim ~

By Erdim Yilmaz



Alumni perspective on perceived performative power within Hampshire Student Govt.

By Nora Nalle, Fo8 (someone who had a seat at the table)

My name is Nora Nalle (Fo8) and I was heavily invested in student government throughout my years at Hampshire College. I was a house representative on Community Council (for Enfield S10, and Prescott F10-S11), as well as a voting member of the Committee on Community Activities. During my Div III year I was co-chair of COCA, and received a stipend each semester. Instead of the HCSU and FundCom we had Community Council and its standing committees. As detailed in the 2011-2012 Student Policy and Resource Guide: "Community Council is responsible for the quality of life on campus and the well-being of the college community. Community Council allocates funds from the student activities fee, which each Hampshire student pays. These fees fund various student groups, on-campus activities, and house programs as well as community-wide expenditures. Community Council is composed of students, staff, administration, and faculty serving together. The council meets weekly during governance time, 3:30–5 p.m. every Tuesday. Its meetings and minutes are open to the community." Community Council was structured to include 4 standing committees: SafeCom, COCD (Committee on Community Development), Financial Committee (FiCom) "responsible for the distribution of the student activities fee. FiCom funds groups on a semester basis. FiCom is student-run and has both elected officers and at-large members. Committee on Community Activities (CoCA) plans large-scale campus events and also funds student group-sponsored events. COCA funds and organizes Hampshire Halloween and Spring Jam, and cosponsors many other events throughout the year. COCA is student-run and anyone can join," (2011–12 Student Policy and Campus Resource Guide, intranet.Hampshire.edu).

As an alum, I love checking in on Hampshire through a variety of social accounts. Recently I have been following the IG account @HampshireConfessions out of curiosity and perhaps some nostalgia. What I saw posted on 2/25 showed a general feeling of discontent with how student groups received funding for events and a perceived lack of transparency. I was inspired to post a comment on the thread - "same shit, different decade." These sentiments are nothing new, and will always crop up when you put students in charge of delegating funds from an account with something near \$100k in it. Below are some quotes from the post:

"Fundcom actively works against the student body and gate keeps funding. Fund com should be working to make funding more accessible and should support student groups while trying to get funds."

"Any work that is not done transparently should not be funded from the SAF. (Omen) @fundcom do you define kicking people out of meetings and not making your voting public as "transparency"?"


"@fundcom why are you revoking folks voting member status when you barely have enough to meet quorum? Also, stop kicking non-voting members out of meetings when you vote... transparency right?"

"...I very literally do not have the time to go to fundcom meetings. Especially to vote if student groups should get money to have food or supplies. Nor should I have to, bc of course all student groups should be supported."

While I cannot speak to how student government at Hampshire is structured today, I can speak authoritatively on how it was during my time as a student. To co-chair COCA was 4 hours of meetings a week, plus a weekly 2hr Community

Council meeting, and bi-monthly meetings with FiCom. General voting members spent 4hrs a week in meetings, and upwards of 6hrs a week during Hampshire Halloween and Spring Jam. For a nominal officer stipend it was a tremendous amount of community service - and oftentimes it was a very thankless job. There exists a harsh reality to overseeing the spending of a collective fund - student groups will always be upset with you, it is impossible to please everyone. If the SAF were truly equitably distributed, each student group would get the same amount of money for food/supplies etc at the beginning of the semester - this is impractical. During my years, there were over a hundred student groups and there was just no way to give all groups the same amount of money plus what they required to host events. If everyone got the same amount of funding then there would be no visiting guest speakers who required a speaking fee. There would be no CLPP conferences or Deathfests, forget about film screenings as media equipment rentals can run up a bill. When votes were conducted we had to look at a student group's history of receiving funding, what the event brought to the student body, and realistically how many students would attend the event and directly benefit from it. Oftentimes we had to deny funding, and we know that people don't like to be told No.

Regarding transparency: It is always made public when student government meetings are held. So if you want to change the system, and "secure your bag" you have to attend meetings and become a voting member. Yes meetings are long, yes meetings are sometimes boring, yes you will receive some backlash from unhappy signers - but that is the price of admission. Attend 3 meetings in a row to show commitment and you get to vote (it really is that simple!), miss a few meetings in a row and your vote gets taken away. You can always attend three more meetings to regain your vote. As a voting member you act for a larger contingency of students - it is a responsibility: maybe don't take it on if you're a Div III and you don't have 2-3 hours a week to spare. As for complaining about being kicked out of the room when voting

happens, this is a standard practice of how voting in an open room works, and it is outlined in bylaws. Non-voting members and members of student groups seeking funding should not be allowed to see how the room votes or doesn't vote in their favor. If non-voting members want to stay in the room/office, maybe consider getting a ballot box. But it's not transparent you say - well it is, if you want to spend the time reading the publicly available meeting minutes you can see the vote turn out. You have the power of knowing when fundcom meetings happen, you know joining is an act of service and of your time, you talk the talk. Now put the literal SAF money where your mouth is and show up! 

Ode To Coffee

By Salamander Mangiafico

A pick me up to keep me aware
Keep me from sleeping
Sharpen my stare

I tip you over and out you pour,
You empty me out
So I can have more

Every morning I make a fresh cup
The scent fills my room
And wakens me up

When I don't have it my head starts to pound
My caffeine addiction
Will run me aground

And as they say, coffee makes you shit
My bowels are empty
As I write this

I truly love coffee 

FundCom, Partially Explained (as of Spring 2022)

By Ida Kao (Financial Director of FundCom)

Introduction

Scandals, rumors, badmouthing by disgruntled students! This is what has defined Hampshire's history, and it's especially true when it comes to anything concerning money. Some of that is reflected in FundCom's governing documents, the Bylaws of FundCom and the Guidelines for Signers (both are available for download on FundCom's HampEngage page), but it's still difficult to know what the day-to-day operations of FundCom is like. FundCom is bound to change over the years, so this piece should by no means be considered an ironclad promise of how things always have been and how they will be, but I hope it will provide a snapshot of what FundCom looks like right now.

Glossary:

Student Activities Fund (SAF): every student pays a \$190 fee into this each semester. This is what pays for all student groups, trips, and events (including Hampshire Halloween and Spring Jam) and related activities. Portions of the SAF also go to ResLife programming, Community Advocacy centers, to pay for some PVTAs buses, and more!

Officer (of FundCom): three elected positions within FundCom; the officers are responsible for facilitating the operation of FundCom to ensure that funding is delegated fairly.

Voting member (of FundCom): any student who has attended three meetings and attends FundCom meetings on a regular basis. A voting member is able to vote on funding matters, take part in confidential discussions, etc.

Visitor/prospective voting member: any student who attends a FundCom meeting and has not yet, or does not want to, become a voting member. They may participate in discussions and ask the officers and voting members questions.

Signer (of a student group): one of three representatives of a student group, as recognized by FundCom. Each signer is required to do signer training at the beginning of each semester and abide by the Bylaws of FundCom and Guidelines for Signers.

A Brief, Incomplete History of the SAF and the Predecessor to FundCom

According to Josiah Erikson F97, former facilitator of Community Council, and currently a staff member in IT, in the early to mid-1990s, the organization at Hampshire that funded student groups was called FiCom. FiCom was structured in a way that allowed students to directly access money and send it to the vendor for payment. In an op-ed for *The Forward*, on March 15, 2002, Hampshire's official newspaper of the time, Alyissa Dzaugis notes that, as one of several subcommittees, "... FiCom is the most smoothly run and organized branch of Community Council..." Still, FiCom was far from perfect. Rumor says that in the early 90s, prior to Josiah enrolling at Hampshire, at least one student used the Student Activity Fund to pay for various personal items, including a very expensive wristwatch that he wore on campus in front of other students. This is what most people would call "embezzlement."

Volume 34 Issue 6 of *The Omen* includes a submission titled "Community Review Board Decision History (September 1992 - April 2010)," which is a list of misconduct cases heard by the CRB. In a possibly connected, possibly completely unrelated incident to what Josiah recalled, a student was charged with having "Violated right of business integrity by misusing student activities funds." The month and year of each particular case is not given, so it's not clear whether the timing of this case matches up with what Josiah remembers about the student with the watch. The student being charged, who is unnamed, is recommended to be put on "Disciplinary probation through end of next semester, must research and prepare written recommendations for controls to be put on student activities fee money to better ensure proper use for other

students in the future.”

While the embezzlement case(s) in the 90s is probably the most notable example, this is certainly not the only time the SAF was misused by students, and with Council struggling to have enough members, it couldn't do the job of overseeing FiCom's operation properly. When FiCom was transformed into FundCom in 2013, many of the processes that were once done by students were now handled by paid staff members like Tammy Parks, Rachel Kremer, and the Business Office.

What does a FundCom meeting look like?

FundCom meetings, which typically last for one hour twice a week and are open to every student, generally start with all in attendance (whether in-person or virtual) saying their name so the Secretary can take roll call. Then, announcements are made. For example, last semester, I made a point to go over concerns I had that I felt would be relevant for FundCom to consider; namely the very small amount in the SAF we had to delegate relative to the funding being requested by student groups. I had asked voting members to consider what was reasonable for student groups to be delegated now, so that those asking for funds later in the semester could receive something instead of nothing. Other, more lighthearted announcements have included upcoming events, whether those were hosted by FundCom/funded in part by the SAF or not. Then, funding requests submitted by signers are reviewed and voted upon in chronological order. Sometimes if a signer comes in who is not a voting member and does not intend to stay for the whole meeting, that request is looked over first so that signers may leave early. This typically does not happen with voting members, as they expect to remain for the entire meeting and review other funding requests along with the rest of FundCom.

If all funding requests have been looked through and voted on by FundCom, other topics may come up. This includes amendments to the Bylaws of FundCom, the Guidelines for Signers, and other matters that aren't necessarily urgent but still need to be addressed. Sometimes it's just us goofing off and making jokes; we do put the FUN in FUNdCom, after all.

This, of course, is an incomplete description. The best way to see what FundCom meetings are like is to go to one yourself! If you can't make it to one, FundCom's meeting minutes are always shared publicly on our HampEngage page.

What happens when FundCom reviews a request?

Meeting food requests tend to get voted on and passed without much debate, unless they're unusually high or low. Non-meeting food requests usually necessitate some discussion. Expected expenses, such as the payment for the Salsa Rueda instructor (aka Salsa Dan), require less scrutiny than others, but the signers for that group are still expected to come in and discuss the purpose and history of the event/equipment/expense. As your peers who want to make activity on campus happen, we make every effort to avoid rejecting a request. Instead, we work with signers to ensure the most bang for the student body's collective buck using the Guidelines for Signers. The Guidelines outline requirements for student groups to receive funding based on the most effective ways for student groups to operate. E.g., does a student group have their meetings up on HampEngage to ensure as many students know about it as possible? Voting members can propose amendments to the Guidelines as the needs of the student body change.

New student groups that have only existed for a year or so, or those that have a history of misspending will be given more scrutiny and will often require more communication between FundCom and the signers of the group. In extreme cases, student groups that have overspent may be issued warnings in meetings and put on funding probation. It doesn't happen often, maybe once every few years, and it is not a decision that is made lightly.

Why does it take so long for funding to reach a group's account after being approved by FundCom?

The process of a student group receiving funding generally looks like this:

1. FundCom approves a certain amount of funding to go towards a particular expense. This is

recorded in something called a Transfer Sheet.

2. The Transfer Sheet is emailed to Tammy Parks who then records those funds and sends them to the Business Office.
3. The Business Office changes the amount of funds in a particular student groups' account.
4. Rachel Kremer manually changes the amount of funds in the student group account on HampEngage, and students contact her when they look to spend these funds.

When a student group spends funds, it does not require any kind of approval from FundCom. However, a student group that spends funds on expenses that were not approved by FundCom or overspends (even if there were enough funds left in the account to cover the amount being spent), will be communicated to FundCom, and may impact the ability of a student group to receive funds in the future.

A common misconception is that FundCom has been the reason for the dissolution of a particular student group. FundCom does not have power to do that, and I don't think Student Engagement (formerly Campus Leadership & Activities) does either. Through anecdotes from staff and personal experience, most student groups are either voluntarily made inactive by the current group of signers when student groups are renewed at the end of the spring, or there is simply a lack of interest in continuing that group from non-Division III students.

What do the FundCom officers do?

Officers are paid a stipend, and are therefore expected to dedicate a significantly greater amount of time to FundCom than voting members. Responsibilities vary by position; for example, the Director (currently Juliana Saxe) has meetings every week with the FundCom advisor (currently Carolyn Strycharz), the Financial Director (currently Ida Kao, the author of this piece) keeps track of how much each student group is spending, and the Secretary (currently Jess Jimenez) takes meeting minutes. That's not the only set of duties specific to each officer, but it does give you a general idea. All officers are expected to attend officer meetings, involving matters that don't need to be discussed by voting members just yet or aren't important enough to require discussion by everyone. This includes really basic things; logistical questions like when to have meetings, planning for upcoming events like Hampfest, etc.

Why are FundCom voting members not elected?

FundCom was originally created as part of the Hampshire Student Union (HSU), after the dissolution of the Community Council, the governing body that (originally) included students, faculty, and staff, and eventually became mostly for students, despite having all sorts of vacant positions intended for faculty and staff. The group of volunteers (which included staff, faculty, and of course students), including alum Mitch Krieger F11, that decided on the structure of the HSU was called the Student Government Association Implementation Task Force (shortened to Governance Task Force, or GTF), and many members were either a part of or closely affiliated with a student group called the Re-Radicalization of Hampshire College (Re-Rad). Mitch remembers a meeting between GTF and the Community Advocacy Union (CAU), a group of predominantly BIPOC students that had emerged from the Cultural Center, in which the two groups discussed collaborating on and/or the CAU becoming part of the new student government. They discussed how representative democracy, based on electoral politics, could lead to the tyranny of the majority. On a predominantly white campus, BIPOC students would need to convince the majority of the importance of their needs. This is why the GTF, already skeptical of the traditional electoral student government model, decided to make the HSU operate on a model called "participatory democracy."

Methods of establishing such a government vary, including ideas such as randomly selecting individuals via lottery to serve on a governing body (sortition). The way the GTF approached this was to require (for all aspects of the HSU, not just FundCom) a time and participation commitment in order for individual students to have any decision making power. Currently, the FundCom Bylaws state that "Any student who attends three FundCom meetings within a semester has the right to be recognized as a Voting Member of FundCom."

A crucial point is what Amory Starr, María Elena Martínez-Torres and Peter Rosset (2011) call an “obligation to participate” for members of participatory democracy; this is a basic feature of various participatory democracies around the globe, including the Zapatistas in Mexico, the group of Indigenous rebels who famously fought against the neoliberal Mexican government until they were granted the right to govern autonomously in the 1990s. That is the purpose behind the next sentence: “To maintain voting status, members must have consistent attendance. Four consecutive absences in a row without notice to FundCom officers shall be grounds for revocation of voting status, based on a vote of the other voting members.”

Most importantly, this means that any student who is able to devote the time and effort is able to be a voting member; I am sure I’m not the only one who remembers high school Student Council elections being little more than students voting for their friends. I am just as guilty of doing this, and given that there is no voting record nor any way of checking what their opinions are beyond a candidate statement that isn’t required to tell the truth, it’s really hard to have an election at such a small scale that isn’t just a popularity contest. FundCom is not solely those who are able to convince others to vote for them, but those who are willing to show up consistently and make tough decisions.

In that same vein, only those who participate regularly can decide amongst themselves who is most qualified to be an officer, for the same reasons voting members are not restricted to those who were voted in. Decisions on how the SAF can be most fairly delegated (with certain exceptions, such as paying students stipends out of the SAF, which must be decided on by the entire community) are mostly entrusted to those who have dedicated themselves to thinking about such matters on a regular basis.

I’m Signer 1 for a student group. What does that mean?

There is no difference in power between signers, nor is there such a thing as “head signer” or “lead signer.” Signers may delegate responsibilities amongst themselves as they see fit. All signers are expected to be able to speak on behalf of their group and answer questions being asked by FundCom (and any related entities, like Student Engagement).

Do I need to be good at math to join FundCom?

Short answer: no. Long answer: maybe, if you want to eventually run for Financial Director, and really the most complicated math is a little bit of multiplication and division. Minimal proficiency in Excel (knowing basic functions like SUM) is a bonus, as it makes your life (and therefore everyone in FundCom’s) easier, but is by no means a requirement.


I have concerns with a particular funding request, student group, etc. What should I do?

First and foremost, talk to someone in FundCom. Send an email to fundcom@hampshire.edu, or come to a FundCom meeting, or one of the officer drop-in hours, etc. To respect the privacy of signers, these communications are typically treated as confidential to the officers and voting members, and there are usually staff, like Carolyn Stycharz (FundCom advisor), Rachel Kremer (Assistant Director of Student Engagement) around who are willing to be present at a meeting and/or to facilitate conversations, if necessary. They are also available to meet without students present.

I have concerns with how FundCom operates. What should I do?

If you have broader concerns about the way FundCom conducts the delegation of the SAF, it’s possible to request an audit. This is a compilation of publicly available documents, and doesn’t provide any information that no one else can access.

Have any other questions about FundCom? Email me at ik18@hampshire.edu and I’ll try my best to respond.

Starr, A., Martínez-Torres, M. E., & Rosset, P. (2011). Participatory Democracy in Action: Practices of the Zapatistas and the Movimiento Sem Terra. *Latin American Perspectives*, 38(1), 102–119. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/29779310> 

The Unmaking of a College —A Review

by Peter Lampropoulos

I said I would write a film review, but I've never written a film review before, and it's harder than I thought it would be. I hope you all get something out of it. I did my fucking best.

The Unmaking of a College is a documentary directed by Hampshire alum Amy Goldstein, covering the events around the near-closing of Hampshire College—namely, the 75 day sit-in. Through mixed footage, interviews of alumni artfully positioned against a wall projection of the sit-in, commentary from faculty and staff, and analyses from experts describing the sheer ineptitude with which the ordeal was handled, we get a clear and consistent narrative of what transpired during those months of disaster.

The villain of this film is none other than an increasingly frazzled Mim Nelson, who bears an uncanny resemblance to former US Secretary of Education Betsy DeVos. The footage of Nelson is less than flattering. I'm being polite. She is portrayed as an utter buffoon—an exhausted, incompetent buffoon. The poor woman, she probably thought she was getting a fun job, and now her likeness will be preserved in infamy on film for generations to see. Nearly every word she uttered provoked raucous laughter from the audience. There was no mercy.

Simply put, the film is damning. Salman Hameed and Margaret Cerullo do an excellent job providing commentary on things that the footage may have lacked, from going through the suspicious email about the 2019 fall semester, to explaining the crisis Hampshire faculty would face if the school went under. Mysteries at first abound, and then corruption is unmasked—I did not know the full story, and it was worse than I had thought.

The documentary begins in the thick of an uncomfortable meeting between Mim Nelson and a group of students, all on the floor of her office. Sitting with her back against her desk and running her hands through her hair, she manages to stammer some fragmented sentences such as, “Because of conversations—we can’t have these conversations be public right now.” During this meeting, as Mim reaches the point of exasperation, she remarks that she feels like she’s living in an alternate universe, to which a student retorts: “*What alternate universe are you living in?*”

Of course, if you were there you probably remember this, but I wanted to mention it because it made me laugh.

As we are taken through the events from Mim’s appointment to her long overdue resignation, we can sense that things are worse than the Hampshire community is being told. From the start, Mim is cagey about... well, everything. A sense of uncertainty looms as students and faculty begin to wonder if Hampshire will be able to keep its doors open, and the proposition to not admit a class in the fall of 2019 is, understandably, not taken very well by the community.

Mim Nelson, of course, portrays the whole issue as general and widespread, rather than specific to Hampshire—perhaps she was right about this, but it’s hard to say. In any event, she is shown to make many attempts to generalize her way out of boiling water. After meetings with angry parents and several unproductive conversations with the student body, Hampshire College finally reaches its breaking point. Students consider transferring or dropping out, faculty begin to panic over the very real possibility of not being hired at conventional schools with cut-and-dry departments, and Mim continues trying her darnedest to make Hampshire appear as desperate as possible for UMass to swoop in and save the day. Of course, that last point was supposed to be a secret.

As we’ve since learned, Mim had been corresponding with UMass since the fall of 2018 about potentially merging, and after their last acquisition of a failed college received bad press, the university wanted Hampshire groveling at its feet. As Goldstein said during the after-film panel, we may not have

gotten the full story if not for Hampshire alum John Buckley—relative of the infamous 20th century conservative figure William F. Buckley Jr. and deputy press secretary to the Reagan-Bush '84 campaign (why a member of the Buckley family would have attended Hampshire is beyond me). As much as Mim's reputation is thrown into a wood chipper, UMass is just as much on the—ahem—firing line.

You all probably know the rest. This whole fiasco culminates in the longest sit in ever to take place at an American college, leading to Mim's resignation and the subsequent resuscitation of Hampshire. Between a mix of planned filming with colorful graffiti-like graphics and valuable student footage that captured some of those crucial moments, the story was meticulously reconstructed—it captures the confusion, the outrage, the fear, the exasperation, the determination, all so vividly. I cannot speak for those who were there in the flesh when those events transpired, but I felt that I had a proper window into the whole thing—it was now tangible, and I could see it as though I had witnessed it.

It's obvious that the reality was still messier than what came through in film; students were just as divided as they were united, and uncertainty was just as prevalent as courage. There were moments of juvenile vulgarity and unsophistication, other times incredible eloquence when advocating sincerely for the needs of the student body. From what was on film, the students showed greater resilience during the whole thing than would be expected of staff. The documentary speaks to the culture that Hampshire has inculcated in the half century of its existence: it is a culture of optimism and doubt, of collaboration and cynicism, of commitment to change and—for good or for ill—rejection of the unchanged.

As the documentary demonstrates, Hampshire is a school opposed to the status quo, and even more so of students who oppose the status quo. This is one of its great virtues. Hampshire began as an experimental college, and I think that experiment was largely successful—it has also chosen to remain one, and as such it has a drive to constantly traverse new ground. Due to its nature, Hampshire may serve as a microcosm for liberal arts education and the issues that many other small private colleges face—and, like a canary in a coalmine, it may be the first to feel the pressure rising. Volunteering to be academia's designated drawing board is a noble sacrifice. Let's hope it's a worthwhile one. 🐑



Leodump Part 3 (yeag)

By Leo Zhang

I'm really glad I can write another one of these. Don't get me wrong, the Deathfest and Valentine's special issues were fun to lay out (and even more fun to see so many people enjoying them), but I also missed having space for my Leodumps. They're kind of like really cheap therapy that doesn't work. And oh boy, do I need it right now. Listen, I'm going to be honest, I don't know where this is going to go. I don't have a plan going into this. So bear with me; I'm just going to play along with whatever my mind offers.

I've been reflecting on my own brain recently. Namely, everything that's wrong with it. There are so many conditions and disorders I have that influence the way I function and it frustrates me, sometimes. Being here, at Hampshire College, is the first time I've really been outside of my house for any significant amount of time since I was in 10th grade. Three years, if you count my gap year. So I kind of lost the ability to understand how people "normally" interact, and now I have to relearn what it is to be "normal," even at a school where no one is normal. Because we're all some level of weird here, that's why we came—but I still feel some kind of pressure, whether real or perceived; the silent push to conform to a level of weird that won't weird out everyone else. Sure, stay weird, but not *too* weird or I won't talk to you because I don't want to be around someone who's that weird. Stuff like that.

I'm sure part of it is just my own anxiety. But I'm also absolutely certain that it's still true to some extent. So I'm constantly hiding, refusing to name my conditions out of fear and a primal self-preservation instinct. I've built friendships here, and I don't want to jeopardize them by telling them that I'm not what they perceive me to be. It's selfish of me, but I don't want to lose any more friendships because of my own brain.

Without trying to get into trauma dumping, I've lost many friends because I've been too weird. The definition of "weird" changes between each situation, but they can all be categorized as such. Too annoying, too clingy, too stupid, insecure, suspicious, sensitive, naive, *weird*. Rarely in these instances am I ever told what I've done wrong, so I put in the legwork to find out myself by examining my behavior, picking myself apart until I find what I think may be the faulty spot. And then I fix it. It's a cycle, one that I'm used to, but it still hurts no matter how many times I go through it. That's the point, I guess. If I'm too sensitive, it's going to hurt when I'm cut off for being too sensitive.

Logically, I know I shouldn't mold myself to what would make other people comfortable if it's not "true to myself." I do know that. But sometimes I feel like I would rather be fake and surrounded by friends than be myself and entirely alone because of it. The thought of my true self driving people away, that they would be friends with me until they find out everything that's *wrong* with me, is truly terrifying. This isn't a thought unique to myself; I'm sure a lot of people my age, our age, have felt or do feel this way. I always try my best to comfort people when they express feeling like this, and yet can never apply that comfort to myself. Such is the nature of the beast, and whatnot.

I'm going to be honest now: I'm really, really scared of fucking up. I never realize it when I do, which is why I'm so scared all the time, constantly checking my own behavior to make sure I haven't crossed any lines. Sometimes I think I have, but you can't take back words that have already been said, so I just have to go forward knowing that I've fucked up. Perceiving that I've done so. I'm never fully relaxed when I'm interacting with any other person, because I'm using any spare focus to concentrate on whether or not I'm being *normal* enough. Is this unhealthy? Yeah, probably. Is it exhausting? Extremely. But it's ingrained in my mind and body at this point, and to stop doing it would be the

equivalent of throwing down all my weapons and walking into an open field during a battle. I'm not ready for that kind of vulnerability.

The thing about my mental disorders is that they're so stigmatized. I mean, any disorder tends to be, right? That adds an extra layer of terror to the mix. How would my relationships change if I was open about it? There's no way they *wouldn't* change. I don't want to be seen as a bad person, a scary person. I might be the most scared one here. But I feel like it's so... immediate, or instinctual, for others to be afraid of what I have, especially if they don't understand it. Hell, I don't even understand it, and I have it. Maybe that's my fear speaking up again, hitting me over the head with a shovel. All I know is, I am not a superhero, or a monster, or any of those things people say when they hear about disorders like these. I'm a person, just trying to get by.

I try to curb the internal stigma I have for myself in a lot of different ways, but most of the time, it's through doing good. I want to be good, I want to help people. I *like* helping people. I want to be kind and friendly not only for my own sake, but for the sake of others, because I think the world could always use some more kindness.

I mean, I still fuck up a lot. Of course I do. It's a part of growing up and learning. But I consciously try to do good. I choose to do good, in the same way I choose to love people—not only doing it when the opportunity comes to me, but actively seeking it out, actively keeping those bridges intact and crossing them for no reason other than wanting to. At this point, it's not only because I want to fight against the assumptions made about my disorders; it's because I want that goodness to be a part of me and the mark I'll make on the world. I want it to spread from my very being like a tree's roots. If I'm going to be remembered for anything, I want to be remembered for being good, for being able to find beauty in anything. Nothing could be more rewarding than that.

This is more thought-dumpy than anything else, really. I don't expect anything to come of me saying any of this, as usual. And honestly, I do feel kind of weird baring my soul (a little bit of it, at least) to an audience of however many people. To say any of this is to admit that I am weak and imperfect, something I'm trying to get better at grappling with, but is still uncomfortable regardless.

I don't know how to end pieces like these. All I can say is that I will continue to do good, to be good; I will continue to hand my parents cups of tea while they work; I will continue to offer tea to people on cold days; I will continue to talk about how beautiful the world is, to laugh with Jay over something trivial as if we'd never laughed before, to ask my friends about the things they love and watch their eyes start to shine with the excitement of being able to tell someone about them. I will continue to strive to be good, and by god, I will strive to be happy. 🐑

my boy

By Jess Jimenez

March 1st is Ryunosuke Akutagawa's birthday! He's my favorite author. I like finding happy pictures of him because he was miserable and ended his life. I recommend reading his final letter/note, Daidoji Shinsuke, In A Grove, and Kappa.



How to Not Believe in Yourself (And Feel Pretty Okay About It)

By Jay Poggi

When I first decided to try and write regularly for The Omen, I expected to flex my fiction muscles, to write short stories or disembodied chapters of novels or meandering lore dumps for my worlds. Instead, I have published a goofy, insincere roast in the name of “cultural immersion;” an analysis of my relationship with music, writing, and creativity in general; a gravely serious, embellishment-devoid retelling of the tragic circumstances leading to the appointment of my co-editor and I; and a conversation between Leo and me that is as precious to us as I imagine it is incomprehensible to most of you.

And now, I’m writing this. I have no clue what this is, or what it will become. Only one way to find out.

Lately, I’ve been thinking a lot about what it means to believe in oneself. Like most of the things I spend time thinking about, believing in myself is something I rarely do.

I’ll admit: I had a lot of fun writing that last sentence. I was also totally lying. In reality, I believe in myself about 45% of the time. I believe in myself when the joy of coming up with a new idea for a story gunks up the gears of my brain’s self-sabotage center. I believe in myself when a person who is not related to me genuinely compliments my work with no ulterior motive. I believe in myself when I draw something I *know* will be funny, and sure enough I can’t look at it without shrieking with laughter.

I’d categorize right now in the other 55% of the time. I had resolved at the beginning of break to try and learn as much of the game engine Unity as I could before the start of the Spring semester. I procrastinated for a couple days, quietly fearing failure without even knowing the shape of that failure, before I balled myself up like a pitiful piece of printer paper, tossed me unceremoniously in front of my computer, and pointed at the monitor, eyebrow raised expectantly. I let out a begrudging sigh and redownloaded¹ Unity. I spent about ten minutes doing the digital equivalent of twiddling my thumbs before all the downloads were complete, and I could begin the official tutorial series.

A couple hours later, I was shaking. On the screen before me sat a decidedly game-shaped something that I had programmed. Of course, I’d just been following an instructor’s directions, but the lessons had been structured in such a way as to lodge their teachings into my brain like barbed arrows. I felt confident that if my PC got run over by a train, I could remake the entire project on my laptop without once referencing the website.

I had never imagined it would go this well. I felt a static electricity sorta thrumming in my feet and hands, like I could climb on walls or fly or dunk a basketball or some bonkers shit like that. From that point on, I had to do all my programming standing lest my excited energy bore a hole through the floor of my room via my relentlessly bouncing leg. As I continued through the lessons, it kept going well. I braced for a block of some sort, an error I wouldn’t be able to explain, a new piece of code whose applicability I wouldn’t be able to understand. No such block arrived. The Little Guy in my head invented their own.

I’ve learned from experience, therapy, and the game *Celeste* (truly the *Dark Souls* of therapy) that trying to resist unwanted thoughts basically never works. Any attempt at shutting down these mental intruders seems only to lend more credence to their ability to hurt me. Instead, I try to treat my

¹This wasn’t my first rodeo.

anxieties, fears, and insecurities the way I'd treat a good friend who's going through a hard time. I listen to their worries, validate their pain, and remind them they are loved and worthy of happiness. My mind has become a much nicer place to live in since I started talking to myself in this more compassionate way.

However, my thoughts can be real f-heads² at times, which makes it hard to feel any desire to treat them with kindness. That's why I've taken to calling them "The Little Guy" and imagining them as a sorta chibi version of myself. Whenever I find myself getting frustrated at my brain, I remind myself, "They're just a little guy. They probably just need a hug."

About a week after I started learning Unity, I was walking out of the bathroom when my train of thought exploded. The engine and all the cars attached to it flew off their tracks and landed in a smouldering heap in the middle of my skull. My attention snapped to The Little Guy who knelt beside the point at which the train had come loose, staring at something in the middle of the tracks.

What did I tell you about dropping shit in the train tracks you little goblin? I wanted to say. Instead, I sat next to them and said, "What's wrong, buddy?"

They pointed to the object in the middle of the tracks, which I now recognized as a video cassette. *Oh joy, I thought, another one.*

When The Little Guy isn't in a talkative mood, they like to show me what they're worried about rather than telling me. Their favorite medium seems to be experimental film, but they've been known to dabble in Telltale-style choose-your-own-adventure games from time to time. I had no desire to watch whatever loathsome malarky was no doubt lurking within this tape, but I knew The Little Guy's disruptions would only grow more and more ludicrous if I delayed, so I got up, popped the sucker into my brain's CRT with built in VCR, and pressed play.

I saw myself in a vague future. I couldn't tell exactly how old I'd gotten or where I lived, but I knew it was after Hampshire, after I'd made it through all the Unity tutorials, after I'd learned everything there was to learn about designing and developing games. I felt cautiously relieved. Here was proof that becoming a game designer wasn't just something I could do, it was something I *would* do... right? I opened my mouth to ask The Little Guy what they'd been so afraid of when I noticed something devastatingly off about the scene: for the entire length of time across which the video stretched, I never finished a single game. I had started several and given up on all of them, because, as The Little Guy had realized, I just had nothing to say.

I blinked. The screen in front of me, still lightly crackling with electric fuzz, had gone black. The Little Guy stood next to me, trembling. I put a hand on their back.

"It's okay to be scared," I said, trying to remember how this whole self-compassion thing worked. "Learning something new is always a big risk, and it's okay if that's overwhelming sometimes. Just remember that no matter how hard things get, we always—"

Always what? Pull through? Sure, maybe we've managed to pull ourselves out of these sorts of funks when it comes to school projects, but have we ever actually finished anything of our own volition?

I shook my head. The words ringing through my head weren't mine, they were coming from the anthropomorphized anxiety I was imagining, who's just a little guy, after all.

"Don't we owe it to ourselves to try? We've been dreaming about telling stories through games our whole life, why would we give up before we've even really given it a chance?"

Have we been dreaming about telling stories, or about people loving those stories? Let's face it, we've never actually had a story worth telling, we've only ever craved the feeling of making a difference in people's lives. A real artist's only audience is themself—

² That's "fuckhead" for those of you who don't speak French.

“Then we’ll create for ourself! That’s always been the goal! We aren’t doing this to impress people, we’re doing it because it’s what we love!”

Is it? If we loved making stories so much, don’t you think we’d have finished one by now?

I froze. I looked down at my feet and realized I’d been pacing craters into the carpet of my room. I took a deep breath. I took another. I felt my feet on the floor. I heard the gentle breeze of my computer fan. The voice in my head seemed distant now, like the bark of a neighbor’s dog. I was okay.

I took a break from Unity for a few days, partly because it was Christmas and partly because I needed to let my mind calm down. Gradually, I tried talking with myself for a few minutes each day. I was okay. The anxiety couldn’t trap me like it had earlier, but I didn’t feel like I was making a whole lot of progress either. I kept hoping for a “eureka!” moment, for some realization about life or art or me that’d convince me to believe in myself. It didn’t come. That’s when I started writing this. I hoped turning this mental turmoil into goofy prose could help me work through it. I had a lot of fun, as I hope you can tell, but I still didn’t feel any closer to an answer.

Then, something weird happened: I booted up Unity again. Not because I believed in myself, not because I felt certain that game design was my calling, but because I missed it. I had really enjoyed learning it, and I wanted to learn more. I finished a couple more tutorials before realizing I wanted to start my own projects. I prototyped a replica of Final Fantasy’s lovably buffoonish “Active Time Battle” system. I tested out some movement mechanics for a platformer I’ve been daydreaming about where you play as a baby dragon. Now, I think I might actually make it.

You might think that after all of these—to use a word I’m profoundly uncomfortable with—“successes,” I might have started to believe in myself a little. Here’s the thing: No! I don’t believe in myself! But, crucially, I don’t not believe in myself. I’m honestly just not thinking all that much about whether or not I can make games anymore. I’m too busy having fun making them.

In conclusion, I should have just submitted a link to Shia LaBeouf’s iconic “Just Do It” speech. It would have communicated the same idea, and killed *far* fewer trees.

Keep writing, Omenites. It might just save the world. But even if it doesn’t, at least we’ll have thoroughly entertained ourselves before the end. 

Gnome Abilities

By Alix Ziaja

gnome abilities

×

🔍

🔍

🔍 All

🖼️ Images

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Tools

About 3,640,000 results (0.58 seconds)

Gnome / Abilities

Moves through solid earth



Feedback

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<https://www.dndbeyond.com/Races>

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Gnome

Mythical creature

A gnome, gnomus, gnomo, or Lutin is a mythological creature and diminutive spirit in Renaissance magic and alchemy, first introduced by Paracelsus in the 16th century and later adopted by more recent authors including those of modern fantasy literature.

[Wikipedia](#)

Abilities: Moves through solid earth

First Mentioned: 1493-1541





Mythological Origin: [Europe](#)

Introduced by: [Paracelsus](#)

Leader: [Gelbin Mekktorque](#) [tandom.com](#)

Similar Creatures: [Dwarf](#), [Goblin](#)

Gnome books

Gnomes

How to Survive a...

The complete...

Gnome life



SECTION LIES

My Harry Potter Fan Fiction Throughout The Years

Written by Arden Young (me) and my sister Alia.

Disclaimer: I do not support JK Rowling's views or opinions, I just like Harry Potter.

1: Five years ago.

Snape is walking down the hallway, his black robes billowing behind him. His eyes and hair are the same color as the robes, and as well as them, he is wearing a sneer. Harry runs down the hall because he is late for charms class! He doesn't look where he's going and then bumps right into... SNAPE!

"Potter!" Snape says, smiling slyly at Harry. "Why aren't you in class?" he demands.

"I'm sorry sir" Harry says, scrambling to pick up his glasses, and spell books that spilled out of his bag.

"That is not the answer I was looking for" says Snape, grabbing a spell book before Harry can reach it. He lazily flips through it. On one page is a stick figure. "What is this, Potter?" He snaps, his lip curling.

Harry stares at the drawing that Snape shows him. It was one that he had drawn in History of Magic one partially boring rainy afternoon. It was a drawing of Snape! "It's a picture of you sir"

"Oh?" says Snape. He flips through more pages "let's see what else Potter draws in his spare time. Who knows what hidden talents he could be hiding?"

Harry gulps as Snape flips through the pages, his usual sneer growing wider with each page. Harry thought that he could make a break for it. He grabbed his invisibility cloak stashed in his sack as quietly as possible, and slipped under it out of site. Harry made a break for the corridor beyond, but tripped on the cloak and it slipped off him half way down the hall.

In a flash, Snape glided up to Harry as if on wheels "Would you care to explain what this is?" he said, shoving the book up Harry's nose. Another picture was on that page. Suddenly, Draco Malfoy comes speeding up the corridor. He stops behind Snape and examines the picture on the page. This time it is a picture of Malfoy wearing antenna and the caption "SlytherANT" under it.

Snape takes out a black quill and scribbles on the page. He shows it to Malfoy first, then to Harry. It is a picture of Harry as a door. The caption is "GryffinDOOR"

Malfoy bursts out laughing and falls to the floor. Harry is outraged! He snatches the book and turns back to the drawing of Snape, where he etches bubbles around him and a crown on his head. Then he engraves the words "The Half-Sud Prince" under the pic.

Snape snatches the book from Harry and rips it to pieces! He smiles in a satisfied way then says

“Looks like someone will have to pay for this. I wonder who?” Then, he adds “detention, right here right now”

Malfoy stands up, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. Harry stares. “But sir, I need to be in charms class!”

“Well, maybe you’ll get detention then too!” Snape says, his eyes flashing “As punishment, you will repair this book, no magic”.

“Should I redraw the drawings too sir?” Harry asks, his voice full of hatred.

2: Four years ago

Snape was walking down the hallway.... when Harry suddenly ran out of an empty classroom. It was extremely important that no one knew what he had been up to in there. Harry dusted off his pants and started walking down the hallway, whistling and proud of himself. He didn’t even notice Snape creep up behind him like a menacing bat.

“Potter!” Snape spat behind the boy’s back. “What the heck were you doing in there? You should be in class. 1000 points from Gryffendore because I can”

Harry stared. “But sir,” he protested angrily, casting a weary eye at the door to make sure he had closed it. Unfortunately, it was wide open, the bubbling cauldron inside clearly visible. Panickedly, Harry slowly inched toward the door to block it’s view. “I was just doing my homework,” Harry lied. “With, um, professor Lupin! Yeah, teaching me how to cast a patronus....” Harry forgot that Lupin didn’t work at the school anymore. He gulped.

Snape sneered. “What is that abomination behind you, Potter?” he snarled, trying to slip around him. “And Lupin resigned, partly because of me hehe. I never liked him, you know.” He stared at the clearly visible cauldron “You might find that some versemiullsam thing or whatever will SLIP into that cauldron, or should I use a firework, like you did that day, POTTER? I’VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU!!!” >:3 Harry stared at Snape, his mouth slightly open. Somehow, he managed to form his jaw into a tight, menacing look. “Well, excuse me if I wanted to dabble in potions in my spare time, sorry if I have hobbies,” he spat. Harry decided to risk it because he knew he was in for a detention already. “But that’s what you used to do, isn’t it? That’s right, I know about your spell book. YOU ARE THE HALF BLOOOODDDDD PRINCEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

Snape looked like he was about to explode. “First of all, HARRY” he snarled “You can’t just ‘dabble in potions’. Do you have a permission note saying you can? Last I checked, there was no potions club, but if there was, you would be on the no-no-list. Secondly, you’re a liar and a cheat and I think you deserve detention with me every Saturday until the end of term. What do you think, Potter?”

“I, I don’t agree sir,” Harry said, then he decided to throw caution to the winds. “Professor Dumbledore told me I could practice,” this, of course, was a lie, but Harry was confident that the headmaster would side with him over Snape any day. Snape looked like an overgrown bat and Harry was easily Dumbledore’s favorite student, which the whole school knew.

Snape’s lip curled “Then let’s go ask Dumbledore” he said, and grabbed Harry by his shirt collar and proceeded to drag him to D-door’s office.

3: One year ago

Harry was walking down the hallway with Ron and surprisingly, Malfoy. The three of them had been paired up to work on a potions assignment together. Harry muttered something unacceptable under his breath and glared at Malfoy, who was strutting around like he owned the place, looking rather

smug. Harry rolled his eyes and jutted his thumb in the direction of the staircase. “Wanna do the project in our common room?” he spat dangerously, side-eyeing Ron for support.

“Yeah, but that git isn’t allowed in there,” Ron said loudly, not caring if Malfoy heard him. In fact, he spoke loudly so Malfoy WOULD know. “He’ll probably steal the password and raid it at night. What do you reckon Dobby would do if he ran into his old master when he was cleaning?? He’s in a right state, let me tell you.”

Harry suddenly remembered that Malfoy was a disgusting human being and felt sick. He grabbed Ron by his jumper sleeve and pulled him aside, so Malfoy wouldn’t hear. “Hey Ron,” Harry whispered, as Malfoy was busy practicing Unforgivable Curses in the background, “Let’s head to the library, but make Malfoy do all the work for the project! It’s brilliant! As long as he’s in our group, Snape’ll HAVE to give us a good grade! That is, unless his hatred for us is stronger than his love for Malfoy...”

“Brilliant!” Ron agreed. He and Harry stopped whispering, and Ron said loudly. “Alright, let’s head to the library then, I think we ALL want to get this over with.” They all walked to the library, where Madam Pince was sorting books and shushing all the loud first years. Ron spotted Hermione in the corner, writing a monster of an essay. He then pulled Harry aside. “OR we could get Hermione to do all the work for us. What do you reckon?” Suddenly, someone came out of the restricted section. Snape!

Harry spun on his heel and made a bee-line towards Hermione. He sat down next to her and pulled a book over his face so Snape wouldn’t see him. It took him a moment to register that the book was “A History of Magic”, the updated version, and he found himself reading his own biography in it. It was rather odd. Suddenly, Malfoy dropped his supplies and pointed at Harry. “Sir! Potter made me drop my stuff! He intends to fail me see. That slug.”

“Potter, what are you doing?” Snape swept over to Harry, his black eyes narrowing as he approached. He snatched the book out of Harry’s hands and looked at it. Snape’s lips curled as he flipped the pages dantly. “Ahh yes, Mr. Potter. You’re reading about yourself, I see? Even YOU can’t get enough of the famous HP, our new CELEBRITY”. He tossed the book aside lazily and sneered at Harry. “And five points from Gryffindor for distracting Mr. Malfoy from doing your potions homework. It IS done, yes?”

Ron clenched his fists and glared at Snape. “We’re doing it now, SIR” he said angsty. “Besides, Harry’s not reading about himself, he’s never even READ a History of Magic! Ask Hermione, she’s always trying to get us to read that thing...” “Detention for speaking out of turn!” Snapped Snape. “I trust Miss Granger has read it more than once, since she is a know-it-all, but YOU, Mr. Weasley, know NOTHING.” he hissed dramatically.

“Shut up!” Harry roared before he could stop himself, stepping in front of Ron. He was breathing heavily as Ron stared. “You think I WANT to be a celebrity?!? I’m famous because my parents DIED before I could talk. What’s s’matter? Jealous Voldemort didn’t off your parents too?? You’re sick. As a matter of fact, I’m going straight to Dumbledore to get you fired. Someone like you has no right to teach at this school, you bias little-” With that, Harry stormed down the library as everyone stared.

“SHHHHHH” Madam Pince hissed as Harry left, slamming the door behind him. For once, Snape had no comment. His mouth was wide open, and it almost reached the floor. Ron couldn’t tell if he was angry or shocked. Ron nudged Hermione “Come on, let’s go check on Harry” he said. Hermione nodded, closing her book with a snap. “Oh, just let me gather my things!” She protested. She hastily stuffed all her papers into her bag, but dropped a book. Ron reached for it to help her, but Hermione did at the same time, and their hands brushed slightly. Ron blushed furiously as he handed the book to Hermione. “Well thank you, Ron” said Hermione, busying herself with stuffing everything in her bag. “Are you ready, then?” Ron asked. “Oh, yes!” Hermione said breathlessly, and they both dashed out of the library and out the door. Snape seems to gather himself. He hissed to Malfoy “Come Malfoy, we

need to cut them off before they tell Dumbledore. I know he won't fire me, but alas, he always favored potter."

"Y-yes sir," stuttered Malfoy, shaking his head to clear his bewildered expression. Meanwhile, Harry was storming down the halls, anger boiling up inside him like he had never known. Why had he always tolerated Snape? Surely someone like that had no right to be a professor? Harry smiled to himself as he imagined Snape packing his bags, gone forever. Unfortunately, Harry wasn't looking where he was going, and ran right into Percy Weasley! "Harry, are you alright?" Percy gasped, noticing Harry's red face and fogged-up glasses. "You look rather ill! I must take you to the hospital wing at once!" "N-no Percy, I'm fine-" Harry began, but before he could say anything more, Percy grabbed Harry by his upper arm and dragged him in the opposite direction. Harry kicked and squirmed as Percy was muttering things like "Honestly, Fred and George better straighten up before they send the whole school to Madam Pomfrey with those sweets of theirs! Why, I never! The NERVE of them!"

Ron and Hermione ran down the hall, but Harry was nowhere in sight. "Do you think he made it to Dumbledore's, then?" Ron asked. "What do you reckon?" "Yes, he must have," Hermione agreed, and they rushed down to Dumbledore's office. When they got to the stone gargoyle, they suddenly realized that they didn't know the password! Hermione tried "aloahmora" while Ron kicked the statue and cursed when he stubbed his toe. Just then, Snape came around the corner, his black robes billowing behind him.

Malfoy was close at Snape's heels. Ron scowled at the pair of them as the two iconic Slytherins quite literally slithered up the corridor towards them. "Has Potter come by here?" Snape spat, glaring dangerously at Ron and Hermione, who glared back. "Tell me at once or you might find my quill just SLIPS, and you "accidentally" receive a T instead of that A you so dearly crave." "But sir!" Malfoy protested, just as Hermione said "but I already submitted my assignment!", but the gargoyle sprang to life, interrupting their little spat. Dumbledore himself stepped off the spiral stairs, wearing robes of midnight blue with little twinkling silver stars (that were quite literally twinkling in the silky fabric). The Headmaster looked around at the scene and seemed to understand at once, or perhaps he could read minds. "Hello everyone," Dumbledore hummed CALMLY. "I was just on my way to the Great Hall for a little snack! Care to join me?"

"Professor!" Ron gasped, hopping on one foot as he nursed his injured toe. "This ____" He called Snape something that made Hermione hiss "Ron!" But Ron pressed on "Anyway, he said some mean stuff to Harry, sir, and we thought, well, that shouldn't be allowed, shouldn't it?" Hermione nodded in agreement, glaring at Snape. "He's always so rude, professor Dumbledore" Hermione added, her voice trembling slightly as she spoke ill about a teacher. "I know you trust him, and that's all very well, but he's always been unfair to Harry in classes." "And Malfoy too, he's a slimy git" Ron said loudly. Snape's eyes gleamed dangerously. "Hold your tongue, girl!" Snape spat at Hermione. Ron turned to Snape and punched him right in the face. Snape shrieked and fell to the ground, knocked out. "Ron!" Hermione explained, her voice shrill. "Oh no! We attacked a teacher!" She turned to Dumbledore feverishly. "I'm so sorry sir! Ron didn't mean to see, it was his toe.."

"Oh dear", said Dumbledore, and although he still seemed cheery, his smile flickered a little. "It seems to me that it has been an eventful day, and it's not even noon! I'm sure Professor Trelawney would have a thing or two to say about that!" he clapped his hands together and sparks flew from them. Ron was breathing deeply, Hermione gripping his upper arm tightly as she gaped at the passed-out Snape. Malfoy tried to shrink into the wall, either not wanting to be seen or plotting an escape.

"Mr. Weasley, may you please take Professor Snape to the Hospital Wing? It appears you both need tending to. Ms. Granger, Mr. Malfoy, would the two of you accompany me to the Great Hall? I hear there's pudding today!" A sparkle gleamed behind Dumble's moon-like glasses. Hermione peered


nervously at Draco, and Ron looked disgusted. Dumbledore waved his wand, and a floating bed hoisted Snape on its surface, drifting lazily behind Ron. “Away you go now, that’s a good lad” said Dumbledore to Ron.

Ron looked back at Hermione, and she nodded ever so slightly. “Right, see you then,” Ron said, and he followed the bed as it drifted down the hall, in the general direction of the hospital wing. When he got there, he saw that his older brother Percy was wrestling Harry into a bed. Ron ran over to them. “Blimey, what are you doing Percy?” He exclaimed, pushing his brother off of Harry. “What’s going on?” He asked Harry, confused. Harry pushed up his glasses and blinked, also looking confused.

“Ron, Harry is ill!” Percy protested, pushing his own glasses up his long sweaty nose. “Honestly, all this ruckus is only going to disturb him more!” “Percy, get off, I’m not sick!” Harry exclaimed, tossing the covers off of him and leaping out of bed. “I was on my way to Dumbledore to get Snape sacked! I-Ron, why is Snape with you?” The three boys stared at the lifeless body of Professor Snape, hovering inches off the ground on his mattress. Percy’s mouth fell open, and it would have fallen completely off in all honesty if it weren’t attached to his be-freckled face. “RON!” Percy gasped, clutching his heart. “You killed a teacher!!!” “Haha, I wish,” Ron rolled his eyes, rapping his knuckles onto his brother’s orange head. “Seriously Percy, how thick can you get? He’s unconscious is all. The block tried to stop us from talking to Dumbledore! He’s with Hermione and Malfoy now, I reckon Hermione can put in a good word for us.” Harry nodded, although he still felt sick at Snape’s comments. Ron noticed Harry’s frustrated face. “Come on Harry, let’s get out of here.” Ron said. Percy opened his mouth to argue, but Harry and Ron left the room. Percy looked at Snape, thought better of it, then hurried after the duo, hastily gathering his school bag. “Harry, I’ll have to report this, you know!” he called, waddling behind them. Suddenly, Harry and Ron collided with the ghostly body of Nearly Headless Nick! Nick’s head gave a wild FLOP as he pretended to fall.

“Oh, hello Nick,” said Harry pleasantly. As Nick was a ghost, they didn’t COLLIDE with him, but instead went right through him. Ron shivered as his body turned to ice. “Oh, hello lads!” Nick exclaimed, beaming at Harry, Ron, and Percy. Just then, Penelope Clearwater rounded the corner. “Oh, hello Penny!” Percy said briskly, straightening his horn rimmed glasses and blushing. “Hello, Percy” Penny smiles, walking over and kissing Percy on the cheek. Ron gagged, and Percy glared at him. “Well, Penny and I are off” he said flatly. “If I hear you two caused any more trouble, I’ll tell Dumbledore I will!” And Percy and Penny strode off hand in hand. Ron gapped after him. “He’s mental” Ron shook his head, then turned to Nick. “Sorry mate, my brother is an absolute git.” “it’s quite alright!” Nick huffed. “I happen to enjoy chatting to Mr. Wealsey.” “What, my father?” Ron blinked at Nick, confused.

“I meant your brother!” Nick explained. “Oh, it’s weird hearing you call Percy that” Ron shrugged, then turned to Harry. “Should we go meet Hermione at the great hall?” He asked. “I feel awful leaving her with Malfoy, and you can talk to Dumbledore to try to get Snape sacked, I mean, everyone hates him...” “Except for Malfoy” Harry spat, narrowing his bright green eyes bitterly. “And his father’s on the schoolboard, so he’ll be able to keep Snape on there...”

Harry turned to Ron. “What DID happen to Snape, anyway?” He asked. Nick drifted away while they were talking, sad that they were ignoring him. “Well, Snape called Hermione a know it all, and I punched him” Ron said. Harry looked at Ron in amazement. “Blimey Ron, that’s brilliant!” He explained, grinning. “Yeah, but I hope the punch made him forget who did it, or I could get expelled, so says Hermione, anyway...” “Snape can’t expel you if he’s fired” Said Harry determinedly “Come on, let’s go!” 

Jim x Dwight pt 2

By Flynn Mitchell-Burris

The rest of the workday, Jim could only think about Dwight telling him to meet Dwight at this farmhouse. He should've been more embarrassed about his eagerness for the events that might lie ahead. The thought of Dwights tongue traveling down Jims body, biting and sucking every now and then. Only stopping right before reaching where Jim wanted Dwights mouth to be. Dwights small beady rat eyes, which are slightly too close, staring up at Jim waiting for the okay signal.

But Jim couldn't think about that while he was at work. Well, more like shouldn't. However, that was all that Jim did during the rest of the workday. As soon as it was time to leave, Jim rushed to his car passing Pam on the way. Barely acknowledging her words of goodbye and goodnight. Jim just wanted to have Dwight pressed against him, Jim hands roaming over Dwights unclothed body. Simply feeling him. At this point, Jim couldn't stop the thoughts even if he wanted to. His member began to harden, his pants bulging slightly.

Relief washed over Jim once he was able to park in Dwights yard. Dwight had left work to go to a meeting to close a deal. It was clear to Jim that Dwight had made it back first, seeing his car parked off to the side. Jim didn't really know what to do at this point. Walk up to the door and knock? That seemed a little desperate, which he was, and Jim didn't want to come off that way. It was already bad enough that he was hard just from the thought of Dwight. Jim sat in his car chewing on the inside of his bottom lip, contemplating what his next move should be.

Apparently, Jim was in his car too long because Dwight appeared in his doorway.

"Something wrong, Halpert?" Dwights voice was smug as if he already knew the state Jim was in.

Jim took a deep breath before opening his car door and getting out, "Uh yeah. Just uh checking emails?" His words came out as a question. All Dwight could do was smirk as he watched Jim shut his car door and slowly walk over to Dwight.

"Whats wrong princess? Scared?" Dwights words sent a shiver down Jims spine. Never in his life did Jim think he would get off to someone calling him princess. Especially Dwight of all people. "Come here now," Dwight demanded. Jim wasted no time getting to Dwight.

By this time, Jims pants were damp due to the pre cum leaking out. All Jim would hope was that Dwight didn't notice.

"Someones needy," Dwight chuckled as he palmed Jims hard on. That little action caused Jims legs to weaken as he let out a suppressed moan. "Knees, now," Dwight ordered.

"But we're outside," Jim protested, voice still weak from the feeling of Dwights hand.

"The only thing is for miles is beets...and Moes but he's been missing for a while," Dwight hummed.

Jim licked his lips as he lowered himself onto his knees. Dwight brought two fingers to Jims lips.

"Suck," without any hesitation Jim did as he was told. Tongue swirling around Dwights finger, closing his eyes as he did so. "Do you want my beet cock, princess?" Dwight asked condescendingly. To which Jim just nodded. "Use your words," Dwight hummed pulling his fingers out of Jims mouth.

"Yes, please Beet Daddy," Jim whined. This earned a smile from Dwight as he started to undo his belt. Jim let out a soft breath onces Dwights hard dick was free from the restraints of his pants. Jim eagerly wrapped one hand around the base as he started sucking on the tip.

Dwight shook his head as he grabbed a fistful of Jims hair, pushing his cock all the way into Jims mouth. Jim moved his hand from Dwights cock, to Dwights thigh as he tried to not gag.

“Good, just like that,” Dwight tilted his head back releasing loud groans. Those groans sounded like music to Jims ears. Jim wasn’t even moving his head, just allowed Dwight to face. The thought of Dwight using Jim for his own pleasure only aroused Jim more. He started sucking on Dwights thick beet cock to help stimulate Dwight.

“Such a good princess,” Dwight choked out as he pulled his member out of Jims mouth, “But I wanna breed you with my beet babies.” He pulled Jim back up, giving him a soft kiss, “Inside. Get undressed and bend over the couch.” Jim never moved so fast in his life. He slightly fumbled as he tried to get his pants completely down. He had already discarded his shirt and tie elsewhere.

Jim calmed his breathing as he bent over the couch awaiting his fate. Soon Dwights warm hands caressed Jims ass cheeks before giving one a smack. Jim didn’t have time to register it before he felt something cool and wet on his asshole.

“This time I can fuck you right,” Dwight hummed as he began to push his lubed-up cock into Jim. Jim gasped as he clutched the fabric of the couch, “F-fuck, beet daddy,” he moaned closing his eyes. Jims body was full of bliss once Dwight started picking up the pace.

“Yeah? You like being used?” Dwight grabbed Jims hips as he started thrusting harder into Jim. This caused Jim to let out loud cries of pleasure as he nodded his head.

“Mhmm,” was all that Jim could really muster up.

“Words, princess,” Dwight pushed into him deeper, hitting Jims prostate. Jim couldn’t respond only letting out loud moans and weak please for more. “Words,” he demanded as he smacked Jims ass.

“Yes, fuck, fill me with your beet babies,” Jim gasped, his knuckles turning white from gripping the couch so tight.

Hearing Jims words brought Dwight close to the edge, his pace getting sloppy. He reached down so he could pump Jims cock, not wanting to cum first. He didn’t want to give Jim the satisfaction of knowing he made Dwight cum first. And a few pumps on Jims cock along with the feeling of being fucked was enough to send Jim over the edge, cumming on Dwights couch.

With that, Dwight pushed all the way into Jim filling him with cum. They stayed still for a moment before Dwight kissed Jims shoulder, “Told you it would be more fun.”

Jim let out a soft hum in agreement as Dwight pulled out of him, “Lets go take a bath.”



Section Hate
Joe Biden Fan Fiction
By Tyler Bennett-Richard

[illegible]

Confession: *

the omen is cringe tbh
